

## Chapter 12 - Hurt

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I pass the evening and most of the next day reading and cleaning. The ranch house was covered in dust, so much so that it caught in your throat, which then leads to a massive coughing fit. Not pleasant. I washed the floral style bedding in the master bedroom and aired out the duvet and pillows. That was another problem, there was only one bedroom. It was obvious to me that no one had been here in a long time. I also cleaned out the kitchen and rewashed the dishes, but I had to leave the tap running to wash out all the yucky stuff in the sink, I dry heaved the entire.

Luke disappeared, saying he has some errands to run, which I could only mean taking people's lives when they are ready to move on. I couldn't help but notice tension in his shoulders and back when he left, whether it was because he was worried about me or something else I don't know, but I presume the latter seeing as he said no one knows where I am.

I wonder if mum has noticed I'm gone, I can't help but think about how worried Sam must be, and I know he will not give up until he finds me.

Just as I flop myself on the chair in exhaustion at the end of the day, the door opens and Luke enters in all his glory. The tension I noticed before is still there, maybe even more so. He gives me a small smile and sits on the chair opposite me, silence follows.

"So... How was your day dear?" I say in a terrible posh accent. This pulls another smile from him, but it's not enough; especially when his reply is an effortless shrug. "Come on, tell me about it." He looks at his fingers, which are twiddling and picking at fibres from his trousers.

"You don't really want to know." He looks me in the eyes, pleading me to drop the subject. Lesson number one in Emma101, I'm as stubborn as a mule.

"Sure I do, I'm curious, do you just go around touching people and poof they dead. Or do you have a scroll with everyone's name and address?" It all came out in one breath. I guess I have been deprived of social interaction all day. I may be a loner, but I usually always had people around me.

Luke is looking at me like I have grown two heads. Ha. And he is the one with the wings and crazy abilities, and he's looking at me like that. I then realise I have been sat smiling sweetly at him the whole time I had my inner conversation. Oops.

"I... I don't even know how to answer that! Who asks that? Are you that fascinated with death? Is that why you're staying here, out of some morbid curiosity? Is that it? You like dead things Emma?" He hisses. The shock from him actually shouting causes me to freeze. Then a wave of embarrassment hits me. Tears spring to my eyes which I cannot hold back, I run out the door as fast as my legs will carry me, leaving behind his calls for me to come back. He hurt me with his words; let him wallow in his guilt.

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I was sat on a beach that was about a mile away from the house. The island was very small and isolated; I didn't even have Marco for company.

I was focused on the waves; the way they danced to the shore is a burst of energy strong enough to literally sweep you off your feet. Seagulls were riding the wind currents above, looking for anything to eat and the sand had a slightly aged complexion to it, proof it had seen things from far into history and now hiding earth's secrets.

The sun was beginning to dip, causing the sky to show my emotions. Red, perfect for anger and also love. I loved Luke. I loved death, and I have never felt so stupid. What is this stupid bond that pulls me to him? Of course he couldn't feel love. He's dead. Death takes things from you; it hurts you in the worst way, right in your heart. The loss of a loved one or dear friend is something you never forget, and Luke is the one who takes them away. Did he take my dad or was it one of his minions? Or maybe he took grandpa? Who knows, but death has no time for love. It hurts, right in my chest and causes a fluttering nausea in my stomach.

a°

The salt on the wound is that Luke hasn't come looking for me. I could be dead, and he doesn't care. It puts into perspective that he never really cared. He knows about my dad. You like dead things Emma? Yep, he's crushed all hope. Arsehole.

Hauling myself up I dip my toes into the ocean, dusting the sand off my butt. Looking at my surroundings I see no docks or boats anywhere. I begin to circle the island, loving the feeling of sand squishing under my feet. I need off this island so I look for any sign of a boat or life. Grams will keep me hidden.

After about 10 minutes of walking I see the shape of a paddle boat. Hope floods me and I can't help but run to it with renewed vigour. When I reach it I flip it over and give it a thorough inspection. No holes, chipped paint and a broken paddle. It will do. I look at the sun, I have about 1 hour of light left, and I could reach the other small island on the horizon within that, seeing as the ocean looks calm. With strength I didn't know I possessed, I pushed it into the ocean, satisfied when it didn't fill with water. Hopping in I sit still, getting used to the movement. Then paddled like hell.

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